Chapter 288: The Fall of Asgard

In the ever-expanding expanse of the Void, where dimensional rifts carved open pathways to untold realms, the twelfth clone of Sung Jin-Woo found himself in the presence of yet another mighty civilization. This time, it was the Aesir Gods, an ancient pantheon of powerful deities led by none other than Odin, the All-Father. They resided in the majestic realm of Asgard, a world defined by its towering palaces and divine warriors. The Aesir Gods were known across the cosmos for their incredible power, their divine control over the elements, and their ability to command legions of soldiers. But to the twelfth clone, they were nothing more than another obstacle to overcome.

As the clone stepped onto the outskirts of Asgard, his mere presence disturbed the flow of the world. The gods of Asgard, sensing the intrusion, immediately took notice. Their vigilant gaze fell upon the clone as it walked uninvited into their domain, each step shaking the fabric of reality itself. Odin, the All-Father, stood at the helm of his divine court, his expression one of disbelief and arrogance.

"Who dares to enter Asgard uninvited?" Odin's voice boomed across the vast plains of his realm. "Do you not know who I am? I am Odin, the All-Father, and I command the Aesir Gods and all the realms beneath us. You will bow before us or face your end."

The twelfth clone, however, remained unwavering. Though he was but a fraction of Sung Jin-Woo’s true power, his $S^{999999999999}$-Rank strength was more than enough to deal with the Aesir Gods. He did not respond to Odin’s boastful words. Instead, he stood motionless, as if indifferent to the arrogance that emanated from the Asgardian throne.

Seeing no response from the clone, Odin's fury swelled. His one eye, the only remnant of his once-great vision, narrowed in anger. With a wave of his hand, the Aesir Gods gathered around him, their bodies glowing with the power of ancient runes. Each of them wielded godly weapons—Thor with Mjolnir, Freyja with her magical abilities, and Loki with his trickster magic. Odin raised his hand high, signaling his troops to attack.

"Destroy this intruder!" Odin shouted, his voice echoing across Asgard like a thunderclap.

The gods and their armies surged forward, their collective power bending the very air around them. The ground beneath the clone cracked, and lightning from Thor’s hammer crackled through the skies. Yet, despite their combined might, the twelfth clone stood still. He did not flinch, did not show the slightest sign of concern. His mission was simple, and he had no need for theatrics.

Then, with a silent command from within, the twelfth clone emitted the Breath of Death.

The entire realm of Asgard seemed to pause in that moment. Time itself held its breath as the clone unleashed the deadly wave of power. The Breath of Death, a

force so potent that it could erase the very essence of existence, surged forward like a wave of pure annihilation.

The Aesir Gods, once mighty and filled with arrogance, were caught completely off guard. Odin himself, despite his godly status, felt his life force drain away as the Breath of Death consumed everything in its path. The air grew thick with the weight of inevitability. The gods, in all their power, were nothing against the overwhelming might of the clone's energy.

Thor, the god of thunder, lifted Mjolnir in a futile attempt to block the wave, but it was useless. The hammer shattered into pieces before it could even touch the wave. Freyja, the goddess of love and beauty, called upon her magic, but her spells were swallowed by the void of destruction. Even Loki, ever the trickster, found himself powerless before the clone's godly force.

One by one, the gods of Asgard fell, their divine bodies crumbling into nothingness. Their soldiers, who had once been so proud and so numerous, fell in waves, suffocated by the destructive power that emanated from the clone. There was no bloodshed, no sounds of struggle—just the quiet, final extinguishing of life.

The world of Asgard, a land that had stood for eons, was now a tomb. There was no trace of the gods or their legions left. No divine spark, no heavenly essence. All had been wiped from existence in an instant.

With the destruction complete, the twelfth clone began his task of collecting the remnants. He moved methodically, absorbing the essence of the fallen gods, taking their divine artifacts, and gathering the treasures of Asgard. The once-proud weapons, the magical artifacts, and the ethereal jewels were now his to claim. Even the corpses of the gods were not spared—he extracted shadows from their bodies, transforming their very essence into new shadows for his master's growing army.

The clone carefully harvested everything of value, leaving not a single trace of the gods behind. Their once-mighty realm, their divine treasures, and their very souls were now consumed by the darkness of the clone's power.

Once the task was complete, the twelfth clone turned and began his journey back to the Umbra Citadel. He carried the goods, the essences, and the extracted shadows with him, ready to deliver them to the original body of Sung Jin-Woo. The Aesir Gods had been but another casualty in his mission, and now, their power was about to become part of the ever-growing force of the Divine Triad.

Arriving at Umbra Citadel, the clone presented his spoils to Sung Jin-Woo's true form. The original body absorbed the essences of the Aesir Gods, incorporating their power into his own. The treasures were added to his growing collection of divine artifacts, and the shadows of the fallen gods were woven into the ever-expanding army of darkness.

Once the delivery was complete, the twelfth clone's duty was far from over. He knew that his mission in the Void was still ongoing—that there were countless more dimensions to oversee and untold realms to traverse. With his task momentarily

paused, the clone returned to the Abyss, ready to continue his role as the ever-watchful supervisor.

As the clone disappeared into the rift once more, the realms trembled. The Aesir Gods had fallen, their power consumed by the will of the Divine Triad. And somewhere, within the infinite reaches of the Void, a new power stirred—a power born from the essence of gods long forgotten. The march of the Divine Triad would continue, and no force in existence could stop it.